

# SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION.

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SACRAMENTO, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

DAILY RECORD-UNION SERIES.  
VOLUME XVIII—NUMBER 63.

HALE BROS. & CO.

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FINE ENGLISH WORSTED SUIT (very stylish). . . . . 27 50  
FINE VELVET-FINISHED CASSIMERE SUITS. . . . . 15 00  
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF OVERCOATS FOR MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

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The Great American Importing Tea Company.

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FRANK GRISWOLD,  
AT THE OLD ESTABLISHED CORNER, TENTH AND J STREETS, SACRAMENTO.

PRICE LIST SENT ON APPLICATION.

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for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and removes Flatulence, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

Castoria is so well adapted to Children that it is superior to any preparation known to me. H. A. Aschenbach, M.D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

**Hunyadi János**  
The Best and Cheapest Natural Aperient Water.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER LAXATIVES.

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The most certain and comfortable cathartic, in cases of constipation and sluggish liver or piles.

Ordinary Dose, a Wineglassful before breakfast.

Of all Druggists and Mineral Water Dealers.

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JUST RECEIVED,  
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**FANCY LAMPS,**

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At prices within the reach of all.

**GEO. T. BUSH,**  
No. 513 J street,...(013-1pm)...Sacramento.

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MYERS & BARBER,  
DEALERS IN HAY, GRAIN AND MILL FEED.

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## HOME AND ABROAD.

Wintry Weather—The Fire Record—Railroad Accidents—Sherman and the President—Diphtheria in Massachusetts—Major Nickerson Once More—Divorce Scandal in Washington—The Canadian Pacific Railway—Sensational Suit for Damages—Affairs in Foreign Lands—Etc.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

### DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Notorious Major Nickerson. Cincinnati, November 23.—A Washington correspondent of the *Independent* telegraphs as follows: Information relative to the personal habits of the fugitive, Major Nickerson, has leaked out, which indicates that grave doubts exist as to his sanity. For years he has been a slave to the habit of taking repeated and dangerous injections into his productions. It is said that he is intimate associated with him that he was a constant gambler and spent practically every night till daybreak, day after day at poker or faro. He would wind up a series of such nights by a nervous attack so acute that he would fall insensible and be brought home in an unconscious condition. With reference to Lena Carter, who is now occupying Nickerson's property, it transpires that lots of sympathy are manifested by the young woman for the old man. Lena Carter to Major Nickerson: "I am a fine-looking, middle-aged person, the Irish type, and his family name is Boyle. I am a widow, and my husband died ten years ago. I have no children. I am in the House of Lords, and will therefore have to be in London for the opening Parliament in the beginning of January. The Earl seemed much interested in the emigration question, and asked me many questions concerning the Irish people in America. He says he is very tenant in his part of Ireland and has some relatives in this country, and all appear to look forward to coming here. There is a universal desire to emigrate to this country among certain classes of the people."

The Canadian Pacific.

Chicago, November 23.—The Canadian Pacific Railway Directors have accepted in New York, a few days ago, the company's stock on a margin previous to the announcement that the Government had guaranteed them 3 per cent. dividend on the capital stock of the Government. At the Cabinet meeting at Ottawa yesterday, it was agreed to proceed with the company's proposition to let the Government \$1,500,000 at 4 per cent., which will be utilized in the redemption of the national debt, on condition that they guarantee 3 per cent. dividend for ten years. The first \$500,000 will be deposited at once, and apportioned security will be given for the remainder.

The Mormon Blight.

New York, November 23.—General Sherman expects to leave Washington in a few days, coming first to New York and then going to St. Louis. The General got hot when asked as to his possible candidacy for President. When asked if he would accept the nomination if offered, he said: "Accept it? No, not much. Don't you suppose I know what it means, if they nominate me?" The politicians don't care anything about us, and if they should nominate us only be because they thought they couldn't win anyone else. I've got too old to be made a cat-paw by politicians. I have ample provision for the rest of my days, and I don't think I would sell myself off for that bubble."

The Mormon Blight.

New York, November 23.—The *Press*, quoting General Sherman, believes that Mormon polygamy gained rather than lost strength by means of the Act of March, 1853, says: The Government should adopt the most aggressive policy with the Mormon infidelity, and Congress should enact and the entire nation should enforce such laws as may be necessary for the removal of the shame of Utah. Cannon says the 137,000 Mormons of the Territory are all taking the side of polygamy. As there are more than 50,000,000 on the other side of the controversy, there ought to be no doubt as to the result of the conflict.

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## OUR PARIS LETTER.

HONORS TO THE LATE LAMENTED TURGENEVE.

Touching Tributes to His Memory—Recent Reception and Departure of King Alfonso.

PARIS, October 12, 1883.

All Americans will be interested in the particulars of the touching ceremony performed on the 1st instant at the dépôt du Nord, in honor of Ivan Turgeneff. His friends assembled there at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in order to make their last adieux before the departure of the remains for St. Petersburg. One of the sides of the dépôt had been transformed into a chapel entirely draped with heavy black cloth and canopy, and ornamented with silver stars. From the ceiling were suspended large crystal chandeliers containing a great many wax candles, but, despite which, the vast space was but dimly lighted. According to a Russian mode the coffin was placed in an alcove, before which burned twelve large lamps. It was heavily draped with velvet and cloth, and thickly covered with silver stars. Completely surrounding it were

CROWNS AND WREATHS AND BOUQUETS

Of the choicest flowers, sent by the Viardot family, by the Russian refugees, by the Russian colony of Paris, and by the Russian press. More than a thousand persons were present to render the last homage to the celebrated writer. There were among others, Emile Augier, who was the neighbor of Turgeneff at Croissy; Emile Zola, Jules Simon, Ernest Daudet, Madame Viardot, Madame Adam, and a large number of the Russian colony, among whom were many elegant ladies dressed in deepest mourning. The Russian occasion was organized by Mme. Viardot, and when she had left Turgeneff died. Americans will remember that Mme. Viardot is the sister of Marie Malibran and of Manuel Garcia, the famous singer now living at London. In the name of the personal friends of Turgeneff, Ernest Renan delivered a most eloquent and touching discourse, in which he recounted, with admirable expression and elevation of thought, the great qualities of the celebrated Russian writer. "Turgeneff," said he, "was

## THE CONSCIENCE OF A PEOPLE.

No other man was ever so worshiped by an entire race. A whole world lived in him, and spoke by his mouth; generations of ancestors, lost in the sleep of centuries, silent, inert, found life and speech through Turgeneff. "Turgeneff," added the orator, "was as much a woman, unjudged as a philosopher, and as tender as a child. In his large and noble soul contradictions qualitatively embraced each other; hatred and defiance were disarmed by the enchantments of his art." In concluding his discourse, M. Renan turned towards the alcove where rested the coffin, and said, with a trembling voice: "Adieu, dear grand friend! Thy coffin will be for those who are come here to kiss the hem of thy drapery a bond of union for those who love liberty and truth; and when thy last spot on the earth of thy beloved country, many friends will salute thy tomb with tender recollections of France, when thou hast found warm friends, and hearts which understood and loved thee." Edmond About now rose, advanced towards the coffin, and spoke a few words in the name of

## THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

He recalled the ardent and enthusiastic patriotism which animated the heart of Turgeneff. "You desired the liberty of your compatriots," he said, "and instead of the bronze statues, supported by images of the vanquished, which ornament the tombs of conquerors, a bit of broken chain, upon a simple white marble slab, should ornament yours." Edmond About was followed by two Russian artists of note, who said a few words on the part of the Russian residents of Paris. At last the Pope Wassilief recited a prayer for the dead, and all who had assisted at this interesting and most touching ceremony retired in silence. The remains of Ivan Turgeneff were removed a half hour later to a special train, and will reach St. Petersburg the second day afterwards. All classes of Russians received them with enthusiastic demonstrations of affectionate sorrow.

## THE GREAT EVENT OF THE HOUR.

Is the wretched *contretemps* which occurred at the reception of Alfonso, King of Spain, at the dépôt du Nord. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast between the deplorable arrival of the King at Paris and the extreme dignity which next morning marked the departure of the young sovereign. A heavy carpet of velvet was laid from the steps of the platform of the coast to the special train, and at the expected moment Alfonso XII. arrived, accompanied by the Duke de Fernan Nunez and the entire Spanish Embassy. The King was immediately surrounded and hedged in, as if to protect him, by distinguished persons. Alfonso seemed perfectly at ease, and bowed graciously right and left. He was dressed in a bright-gray suit, a little round gray felt hat, a cravat of the same color, spotted slightly with red, with a small pin in the form of a golden ball, and wore no decorations. When the signal was given for the departure of the train the King advanced to the persons forming

## THE HEDGE AROUND HIM.

And said an amiable word to each, and then, the doors of the dépôt being opened, he walked to the train, which was surrounded by over a hundred curious "hangars," kept in order by several policemen. Two minutes later the train was out of sight. The departure of the young king was indeed a striking contrast to his arrival. Greeted at the dépôt by shouts of disdain, and groans, and hisses of "down with kings!" the poor fellow must have felt uncomfortable, and was, no doubt, glad to take President Grey's advice and hurry away to Bordeaux as speedily as possible. On the day after his arrival at Paris the King amused himself by promenading upon the boulevards with General Blanco.

## HE BOUGHT ALL THE JOURNALS.

Of the day at different news stands. One of the vendors said to him, "Buy the *King Ulan*—it is the last new thing in the newspaper way, and talks of nothing but the King of Spain." "Ah!" said his Majesty, "it appears that it is a very sorry object, this King of Spain, particularly just now." "But not at all," said the news-vender, "he is very young, and an extremely good-natured fellow. I saw him pass by here yesterday." And the King, who bought the *King Ulan*, landed with all the rest of the crowd, to witness his return to the embassy. Altogether, Paris has very good reason to feel heartily ashamed of the shameful treatment of the King of Spain. Let us hope that the consequences may not be as serious as some wise people anticipate. The Exposition is attracting great crowds, but I must reserve an account of it for a future letter.

O.

**ANGOSTURA BITTERS** were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation to-day is that they have become generally known as a valuable tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

## "MR." AND "ESQ."

But now comes another of our anomalies, one which greatly puzzles European continents, and which is not always grasped even by our American kinsfolk. This is the nature of the Esquire. A class of people are habitually called plain "Mr." in ordinary talk, who would be greatly offended if their letters were so addressed. I am not speaking of those who claim a higher objective description; I mean those who are spoken of as "Mr. A.," but who, in any formal description, in their address, written afterward, must be described as "A. B. Esq." In itself, Esquire, like Knight, is a title, if not of office, of something very like office; and it would not have been wonderful if it had been usual to call men "Knight A." and "Esquire B." But "Knight A." seems never to have been in use; and "Esquire," rather, "Squire B," can hardly be said to have been in polite use. Men, like Hampden, who would have ranked nobles anywhere out of the British kingdoms, and who were into the first class, and there and there also, many fair-colored and blue kid shoes worn with black stockings.

A novelty for quilted underskirts to be worn next winter appears in the shape of foulard silk, with dark ground, and the pattern in bright colors.

French shoes are in front and must match the dress in color; they have brought them into fashion for the first time, and there are also many fair-colored and blue kid shoes worn with black stockings.

A stylish dress for a little girl is in plain Gilbert socks with side-plated skirt. The waist is in the form of an cutaway jacket with pockets, collar and cuffs of velvet, while the skirt is of bright-colored plaid.

In England wigs are worn a great deal to dress one's own hair. There is a wig known as the "yachting wig," with ripples and curls on the forehead, and a small flat knot at the back. Then there is a wig to be worn for lawn-tennis work.

A society lady is wearing upon her forehead pretty rings made from her deceased husband's hair, which was very curly. As her own hair is straight, and as gray hair is expensive, we have here an ingenious combination of the useful and economical.—[Boston Journal.]

Cloaks are to be worn long this season, and are made high up on the shoulders, many of them with small dolman shaped sleeves. The most elegant are of Ostroman satin, lined with plush, and richly figured and embroidered plush, lined with quilted satin. Others, less expensive, are in diagonal cloaks, that requires no lining, and is simply trimmed more or less elaborately with braid.

Although no success has attended the effort to reintroduce the old-fashioned bustle, a tourne of some kind is indispensable to the fit of a well-made tailor suit. Flounced petticoats are worn for this purpose, or a series of little horsehair flounces are mounted upon whalebone frames to serve the purpose, and are found more suitable than either the horsehair cushion or extension skirt. As skirts are not made very full there is not elegance in spreading them out.

Hair-dressing, according to those who are conversant with the subject, is to be more elaborate this season than last, and wide loose braids, falling low on the nape of the neck, are replacing the simple Greek and Roman styles. The old-fashioned French style of our mothers' days, too, has been revived, as well as the two long ringlets falling on the neck. Japanese coils are worn upon dressy occasions, as this style of coiffure affords a good opportunity for the wearing of handsome pins and other favorite ornaments. With the Josephine style, feathers and puffs feathers are much worn, sometimes confined with stars and butterflies formed of sparkling gems. Feathers, flowers and diamonds are all more or less worn.

A correspondent of the New York *Telegram* says in relation to the styles in hats: "There are three new hats that were introduced at the salons of Paris. A toque of black and white with Persian embroidery of bright flowers in front; a large, loosely-looped rosette of Rose Dubarry ribbons, and in the midst of that a richly-jeweled owl's head. A Henri IV. hat of yellowish long pile beaver, the brim flat and narrow, on one side a nest of mice forming a bow. A blue soft felt hat, on which is placed a bird with open wings, and from under the bow emerges a kitten's head. The demand for kitten's heads has become so important that cat-breeding has become a regular business. Pigeon's wings and cocks' heads are also much worn, and the muff of the season will be velvet or plush, to match the dresses, with a kitten or hornedelle made on the front.

QUILTING PARTY REPORT.

Miss Windlow, the new American beauty in London, is from Cleveland as well as her rival, Miss Chamberlain.

Miss Susan E. Dickinson, a sister of Anna Dickinson, is one of the best journalistic contributors of the day.

There are two colored female lawyers in the United States, Mary A. S. Cary, of Michigan, and Louise V. Bryant, of Colorado.

Louisa B. Stephens is the first woman to become President of a bank. She succeeds her husband in the first National Bank of Marion, Iowa.

Rose Bonheur, although she dresses in male attire while at work, does not advise others of her sex to do so. "It doesn't pay to be eccentric," she says.

Since the announcement of the marriage of Miss Fortescue with Lord Garmoye, \$50,000 worth of her photographs in all sizes are said to have been sold.

Mrs. Lydia Smith, who for twenty years was housekeeper for Thaddeus Stevens, is still half hearty, and lives near the old house in Lancaster, Pa.

The Empress of Russia has just ordered a cloak of sable fur, trimmed with gold and enriched with precious stones, the whole cost being placed at \$43,000.

An English exchange says: Mrs. Watson, the dress reformer of San Francisco, says women before long will display their legs fearlessly as they now do their arms.

Lady Gay Paget, who was married recently to Lord Windsor, a young noble, ex-member of the British Parliament.

The nuptials were to have taken place Tuesday evening at St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, and a host of the magnificient folks congregated about the magnificent altar.

Some say it was occasioned by the non-arrival of the bride's tresses from abroad; others that it was caused by trouble over the marriage settlement.

At the Maryland Club it was stated that the cause of the affair was the arrival of a telegram to the bride's father of the legalities of the divorce from his first wife, which it is said, was obtained by him a year or two ago in Ireland. The affair has caused a flutter in society exceeding anything for years past. Miss Williams is a beautiful girl of 20, and worth \$250,000. Her father is the owner of the Muckross estate, upon which are located the celebrated lakes of Killarney. He is reputed to be the largest landholder in the south of Ireland. He met Miss Williams at Newport the last season. She is a sister of Granville Williams, who disappeared mysteriously a year ago, on the eve of his marriage to a society belle of this city, and returned equally mysterious six months later, and claimed that he had been shanghaied to Europe by a rival. The Williams' are heirs to the Gettysburg, their grandfather, who left \$10,000,000.—Albany Journal.

Tidings of Comfort and Joy.

Publishers everywhere are daily receiving letters from their subscribers praising the wonderful pain-cure, St. Jacobs Oil. All agree that it conquers pain.

A wise woman will often accomplish what she desires with the least money. This is exemplified by Lydia Elton-Simon, the noted silver polish. Its cost is trivial. She produces unsurpassed brilliancy. Is perfectly harmless.

## THE FASHION WORLD.

BRIEF A BRAC REPORT OF A QUILTING PARTY.

Jersey ottoman cloths display great elasticity.

Clothes-pins furnish the latest designs for lace pins.

Jerseys will be generally worn throughout the autumn.

Corsage bouquets for evening wear are larger than ever.

Nobody wears artificial flowers nowadays, but natural ones are employed for immense corsage bouquets.

Dress sleeves are still worn so as to closely fit the arm, and are padded when the arms are not plump and shapely.

A novelty for quilted underskirts to be worn next winter appears in the shape of foulard silk, with dark ground, and the pattern in bright colors.

FRENCH SOUP.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia,

Sciatica, Lumbar,

BACKACHE,

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,

SORE THROAT,

SPRAINS,

Soreness, Cuts, Bruises,

FROSTBITES,

EUBNS, SCALDS,

And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A GOTTLE.

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Physicians in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.

(Successors to A. Vogeler & Co.)

Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Postoffice Department,

WASHINGTON (D. C.), October 15, 1883.

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JANUARY 5, 1884, for carrying the mails of the

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JULY 1, 1884, to JUNE 30, 1885. Lists of routes,

with schedules of arrivals and departures, instruc-

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W. Q. GRESHAM,

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OINTMENT

THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES.

SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

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and safe remedy for

ITCHING PILES.

## HUNTING A VOCATION.

We were country folks, Charlie and I, born and bred in a farming life, both of us—a good many glorious bright days when we had only been sensible enough to know it; but we were simple, and sold our goods in importance for something less than a mess of potatoe.

At the time of our marriage I lived in an old-fashioned farm house with my grandfather. My parents were both dead, and from my babyhood he had made a great pet of me, and intended me for his heir—so rumor had it. This made me quite a belle in our quiet little village, and won me scores of suitors; but I did not care a fig for one of them. Charlie and I crossed each other in rather a romantic fashion, and fell in love at first sight—and strange to say we kept it.

We were betrothed in less than a month after our first meeting, with the hearty good wishes and congratulations of all our friends, who, being cognizant of the little romance that brought us together, took an unwonted interest in our well-being. It was quite a commonplace adventure. My mad pony, Moonshine, took it into her silly head to run off one afternoon, and came within a hair's breath of precipitating me over the bridge and into the water. Charlie brought to the top by one of the girls, whom which I am confident he believed saved me in my moment of peril, at the expense of his right arm, however, which was terribly shattered. Of course I could not help loving him after that; and when he asked me to be his wife I did not say him nay; and neither did my grandfather, though he was only a farmer's lad, with no fortune but his honest face and manly arm.

"The boy has a deal of impudence," he said; "but have it your own way—I've no objection."

He took him at his word and appointed an early day for the wedding, which was quite a stylish affair in its way—our old country mansion threw open its ponderous doors, and everybody far and near was invited. Grandfather gave me a splendid outfit and a bounteous wedding-feast. When all was over, and we were preparing to start on our bridal trip, he came to our chamber.

"Here, little girl," he said putting an old-fashioned casket in my hand, "these are for you—they belonged to your grandmother; never sell them unless it is for charity."

As I unclashed the casket I screamed with delight. All my life-long I coveted those diamonds; and here they were, large, lustrous, every single one worth a small fortune, and all my own. Grandfather smiled at my delight, and taking a sealed package from his pocket he handed it to Charlie.

"This is for you, young man," he continued; "I trust you'll know what to do with it."

Upon breaking the seal we found a deed of gift of Walnut Hill, the farm adjoining the one on which my grandfather lived; but it had this proviso: we were to reside upon and cultivate the farm; removal forfeited our right of possession. It was a charming place, well stocked, and under fine cultivation, with a snug little farmhouse all furnished to our hand. After our wedding-trip Charlie and I went up and took possession, feeling very rich and very happy, as I suppose, newly married folks always do. For two or three months everything went merrily on. Charlie had to work hard indeed; he got in a good crop, and began to make preparations for cutting and hauling timber. Grandfather looked in every day or two, but did nothing. He meant for us to manage our own affairs he said—and we did.

Just about having time Charlie and I took a fancy to go to Niagara. Of course we went, and the consequence was the loss of the whole crop; the proper season missed, a long rain came on, and all the sweet-scented fields were spoiled. Then the rust took the wheat and the corn was very bad for want of good tillage; so that the end of the year found us in rather a meager condition.

"The farm's doing badly, grandfather," said Charlie. "I think we shall have to cast about for something else."

The old man laughed and shook his head. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," he replied. "The farm's well enough Charlie; the fault lies with you."

Charlie's fine gray eyes flashed with intelligent resentment.

"As if we were not doing my best, and sacrificing all my energies to please him! Fact is, Bille, I don't think farming's my vocation—I think I've missed my calling."

"So do I, Charlie," I chimed in eagerly, fired and excited by the sudden hope that my girlish dream of having a famous husband might yet prove a reality; "I really believe you have capacities for something better. Suppose you try it!"

Charlie looked meditative and serious.

"Farming's very common," he remarked at last; "it never raises one to any eminence."

"That's so, Charlie."

"It's nothing but a dreary repetition of digging and delving, sowing and reaping, eating and sleeping. I had hoped for something better than this."

Charlie's air and manner of speaking were impressive in the extreme. A half-formed idea of the stage flashed through my mind as I looked at him.

"You can do something better," I said—"you must."

"There are no opportunities here."

"But elsewhere?" He flushed and hesitated. Atlast, "We must go to the West, Walnut Hill," he said.

"Give it up, then," I responded bravely, though the bare thought brought tears to my eyes; "better that stay here and eat your talents."

Once started, the matter was hourly discussed; and finally we decided to go.

"Where?" questioned grandfather, when we broke the matter to him.

"To the city."

"To the city. And you a farmer's lad. Well, well—what are you after, boy?"

"My—my—my—Charlie with a lot of energy. The old man laughed and shook his shoulders.

"Give me back my deed, then," he said, "Hunting a vocation, hey? I'm afraid you'll find it, Charlie."

We thought him an old curmudgeon, and went on with our preparations. It was mid-spring-time when we set out; and the dreariest, saddest day that ever dawned and set was the day we bid farewell to Walnut Hill. A dismal rain fringed all the trees about our home-stead, and it fell from the eaves, from every roof and shrub, as we were stowing our departure. The very sticks in the barn-yard clattered about us with noisy demonstrations; and the cows looked after us with sober, wistful eyes. We had lived so happily at Walnut Hill, it was a terrible trial to tear ourselves away. I could see regret in Charlie's eyes; and when upon starting our old watch-dog followed us down to the gate, while my pet Tabby meowed pathetically from the window, we both broke down, and lost sight of our previous home, half-blinded by tears. But our mission was an important one—Charlie was in search of his vocation.

Summer came just about the time we got established in our city quarters; no sham about it either—hot, stifling, scintillant sun. Pleasant enough it might be in dewy, rural retreats, or in the shadowy forests, where the waters gurgled, and the breezes sang through the live-long day; but to us, in our three-story brick, in the heart of a crowded block, it was dreadful! This had been the very best we could do; small houses were not to be had—brick, furniture were with us—brick, walnut brussels carpet, handsome damask, walnut and mahogany, not worn at all, for the piano, sum \$1,000; cheap as dirt, Charlie said—and we bought it and took the house. The rent was beyond our means, truly; but we trusted to taking lodgers.

We felt quite grand, to be sure; but oh! that burning heat, that close, stifling heat—all our stately parlors and chambers could not compensate us for the crisp, refreshing breezes we had lost. Baby began

## SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

**HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.**  
Sooth the old homestead under sun  
The men had marched all day;  
And now beside a rippling stream  
Upon the grass they lay.

Trine of games and idle jests,  
As swept the hours along,  
The men had marched all apart,  
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;

"The only songs I know  
Are those my mother used to sing  
For many years ago."

"Sing one of those, a rough voice cried,

"There's none but men here;

A mother's song is us."

Then slowly sang the singer's voice  
"And sing a soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the lamb!"

"And still I fear to own his cause!"

The very stream was still;

And hearts that never throbbed with fear

With tender thoughts were filled.

End the song, the singer said,

"Thanks to you, my friends, good night,  
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged.

The soldiers chanted, with swelling lips,

"You will join us," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,

Sweet as the bugle call,

All half the power of Jesus' name,

Lets angels prostate fall!"

The songs are done the camp is still,

Naught but the stream is heard;

But at the depths of every soul

By those old hymns are stirred.

And the song died away,

In whispers soft and low,

Pray the prayer the mother taught,

The boy long years ago.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

\* \* \*

The end of learning is to know God, and

of knowledge to love Him and imitate

Him.—[Milton]

True science is the natural ally of religion, for nature and religion are both alike from God.—[Tryon Edwards]

Make others to see Christ in you, moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your actions will speak of Him, if He be in you.

[Rutherford.]

Mankind's charity to those who differ from him in race and dialect and difficult questions will be in the ratio of his own knowledge of them—the more knowledge, the more

truth, allowed a good deal for shrinkage, and told things large."

"They carry their age well, you say?

You can bury your coin, the whole of it, on this statement, stranger—I did not see it, but they showed me an old grizzly,

from San Antonio, that was won by kicking a north cow box off the gal-

lery door of a church once owned by

the Rev. T. F. Clark, the Pilgrim Preacher.

heads, for death here, rebuking our pride and mocking our wisdom. He essays too much, be he priest or scientist, who would explain this and answer all the questions which rise this hour. Some talk glibly of the whence and whither, but to the thoughtful it is meaningless, for such realize that beyond the grave man knows not. Life's brief, but death is prolonged a winter, and its end veiled in silent mystery. Two voices alone have the right to speak this hour; the voice within us which says ye are immortal, and God's written word which declares the dead shall live again and be judged according to the deeds of earth. I would, therefore, encourage you to cultivate a simple faith based on the holy Scripture, because this is the foundation of soul rest, ay, it is the art of safety, if we dwell not here too long. Life's brief, but death is prolonged a winter, and its end veiled in silent mystery. 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**THE DAILY RECORD-UNION**

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**THE DAILY RECORD-UNION**

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**CHASING THE SWORDFISH.**

Harpooning a Dangerous Monster of the Deep.

"I've got a standin' offer of \$400 for the first young swordfish I can get," said a Cape Cod swordfisherman to a correspondent writing from Hyannis, Cape Cod. "You'd think," he continued, "that was a hefty sort of an offer when the fish is only bringin' eight cents a pound, but, ya see, there's never been a swordfish this size in the ocean less than forty pounds, and only one at that. Where do they breed? Well, that's the very best point. They don't breed—leastwise around these diggin's. I've been a so-fishin' around the south of Cape goin' on twenty-nine years, and never see one less nor four foot long, and I've took thousands of 'em."

"Yes, it's a big business. I don't know just how many are in, but you ken count 'em by the thousand, and up here that makes it a pint to take all they ken get. July, August, and September is the best months, and between July and October, or September and October, I've done pretty well, and caught as many as seventeen in a day, but that was extraordinary work. We hev a regular rig; just step aboard," and the reporter, who had been talkin' from the edge of the dock, accepted the invitation, and jumped aboard the trim fore and aft schooner that with its sharp bow and raking mast, was not incomparable to the jaunty fish it followed.

"There's not very much togerer to speak of," said the skipper, walking forward. "There, you see, is the place where the man stands in striking the blow, and it is interesting to see him jump up from the end of the bowsprit, with a restin' pad of wool nailed to it, so the man can lean against it in striking. The harpoon is called a lily, and is always kept lashed near the rest, all ready for an emergency."

"Why a lily? Wall, the prongs are branched out like a flower. There are five or six, all barbed, and the whole thing ends in an iron cap that fits into a wooden handle about 10 feet long. A line is made fast to the iron that is about 200 feet long, the other end being fastened to a kog or barrel. When we're out, and by, we're always out by the topmast, and as soon as we see a fish he sings out, and the harpooner takes his place in the rest, and as soon as the man at the wheel gets sight of the fish, he tries to put it over the bow: the man jans her with the iron; the line is kept clear, and when it all runs out, the kog is tossed over for the fish to tow until it is tired out, and the schooner keeps away for another fish. Sometimes five or six are sighted and struck before any are taken in. The kogs are generally painted white, and easily followed, and you usually don't have much of a fight with them as they're not hard, and they play 'em out. But sometimes we get a big fellow, and then that's what green hands call fun, though I don't see it in that light. I call to mind one fish we struck off Nantucket a year or so ago, that kem her cleanin' us all out. We got on to him all right and followed close up, nothin' else been in sight, and me and two of the boys jumped into the dory and soon had the kog aboard; but as soon as we touched the rope to take in slack he started off, and you'd think we'd run foul of a whale. It was hour before we hev a hold on him, and by, we were afraid of passing the iron, though it might pull out the iron. Well, we gradually hauled in and I stood up, holding an oar ready to hit the brute on the head, when it gave a kind of lunge or side cut, taking the oar right between my hands and knocking me head over heels down in the bottom. In the confusion the man in the bow slacked the rope, and the next minute crunch! kem the fish and up it's got to keep through the plankin' hole, and me I had seen enough to grab it, and while I hung on and lashed it with the painter the boy pulled alongside the schooner and we got it aboard. He measures 14 feet—a pretty big one. In fair weather they lie mostly on the surface, and whether they're asleep or just sunning themselves is hard to tell."

"It's a great sight," he added, "to see 'em in the 'borin' fish. They go just like a cavalryman, striking up and down, right and left, killin' hundreds of 'em; and I've seen em keep a doing it, which shows they kind o' like the fun of it. This season has been putty to'al and mackerel have been seen in such numbers that makes no ditch scarce too. Off Nantucket, the vineyard, and capo, and to the southward to Nomans Land, is what we calculate the best fishin'."

The swordfish is perhaps one of the most interesting of our coast fishes, and the \$100 offered for a young one would be as safe as \$1,000, as the fish do not breed on this side of the Atlantic, and the young only being occasionally found out to sea in the mid-Atlantic or on the shores of the Mediterranean, where they are found in the fisheries of Messina. How a rowboat is used, having a tail mast upon which the watchster sits. The young swordfish, even if found here, would hardly be recognized, so different are they in appearance from the adults. A young histiophorus, seven inches long, resembles if anything a young stickleback more than it does a swordfish, with a head like a plesiosaurus. The jaws are equal in length, and armed with fine teeth; the eyes are enormous for the size of the body, while from the head over the dorsal and ventral regions extend two sharp spines. When about seven inches long the dorsal has become higher, the spines begin to disappear and the upper jaw commences to look like a sword.

QUASSI CHIPS IN BEER.—In the neighboring town of New Britain there is a factory for the production of quassi cups, the quassi wood being so intensely bitter that a cup of fresh water, if it is a quassi cup, will become very bitter in one minute, and these cups long have been in use in some families for the tonic quality they impart to water. The chips and shavings in the cup factory were thrown away or burned, until some of the lager beer brewers discovered that they were available in the place of hops for beer. The market demand for them until now the proprietor of the shop is making more money out of his chips and shavings than he is making out of his cups. [Hartford Times.]

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